171 boomerang, is unknown to the islanders. Ceremonial customs,
[411] language, origin, and burial rites all differ from those of the mainland tribes, and constitute an interesting study for anthropologists. They are the only aborigines who erect memorials on
764 the graves of the departed, and, in the forest beside the aerodrome, you may see a typical grave surrounded with queerly-
[322 carved ironwood totem-poles. The poles, some eight feet in
532] height, are carved in varying patterns. They had been painted in highly decorative designs with red, yellow, and white ochre, with black bands of charcoal to give sharp and artistic contrast. Each kindred totem to that of the deceased must place a pole at the grave. Failure to erect a pole is supposed to signify that no sorrow is felt for the death, and punishment will follow. Something unpleasant always *does* happen to those who neglect this duty.

797 AFTER these necessary digressions, let us return to my visit to the mission station. We followed the fathers over the stile,
● [245] up an avenue of palms, and on through the garden, where pineapples and bananas grow, and there are rows of immense and beautifully shady mango-trees. Sturdy, fuzzy-headed
[262] aborigines strode in front (one of them had just come in with a couple of kangaroos for the larder), and the boys trooped along behind us. The quarters of the fathers are very much those of bachelors, perfectly bare, with guns in the corners and a few native weapons and curios hanging on the walls.

Here two lubras brought us morning tea, and here I learnt much of the foregoing matters. The fathers themselves are entertaining men of the world, and their white cricket shirts and khaki slacks gave no indication of their calling. The boys
797 gathered at the foot of the steps leading up to the quarters,
522 and every now and then black-bearded Father McGrath would banter them in their own language. Like all the native peoples

[p. 15 (B)]

13:Barclay J-3 (ca. 1939)1939 O120 Tiwi O120

411 grass, in the foreground, so that the whirling club slithers on in an unforeseen and most unpleasant manner. It may rise as high as a man's head, or it may strike him on the shins.

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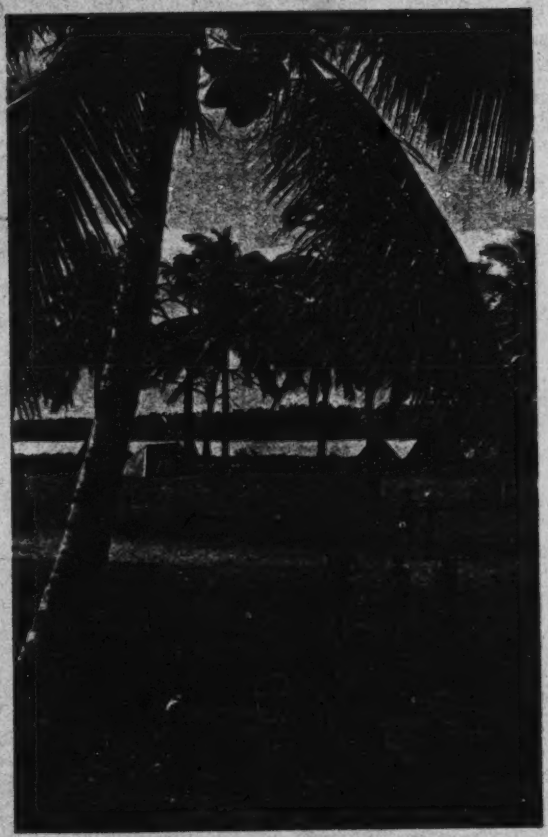

NATIVE "HOUSES" UNDER THE COCO-NUT PALMS AT BATHURST ISLAND MISSION.

726 Sometimes, as in the days of chivalry when English and French knights rode out before the main battle, eight men will advance to fight eight men of the other side, one pair at a time, each warrior throwing his spears and clubs in turn. [198] Sentries are then posted to one side, before and behind the combatants. As a warrior with a stock of pidgin English put it, "That feller, him look out front side. That feller, him look out back side."

At times warriors arrive by canoe to fight a duel on the beach close to the mission station. These are frequently more serious combats, and then men who are camped under the palms chase the duellists off; but these always land later further down, and fight it out in the long run. Just before my visit, there had been fought the only naval battle in the history of the islands. The encounter took place in the mouth of Apsley Strait to the accompaniment of excited yells as canoes overturned when warriors stopped unwarily in dodging the flying spears. Nobody

[p. 17(B)]